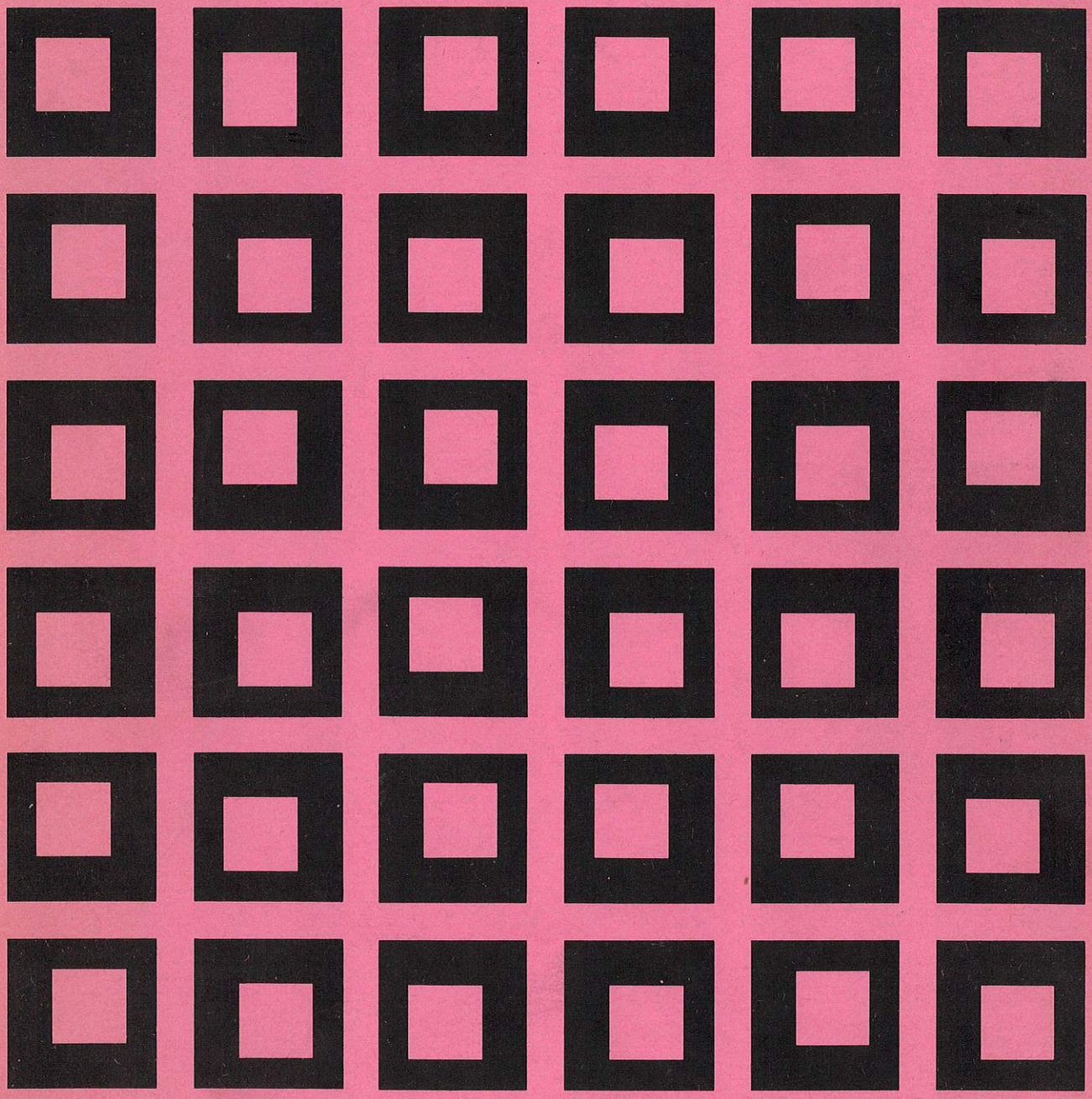
THE BRIGHTON FILM REVIEW



A MONTHLY GUIDE TO THE CINEMA IN BRIGHTON

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THE

BRIGHTON FILM REVIEW

No. 13 October 1 1969

Contents:

Reviews

Easy Rider 4

El Dorado 7

Alfred the Great 10

Book Review

Signs and Meaning in the Cinema 12

A Letter from Venice 22

Film Makers Forum 32

Previews 38

Brighton Film Diary 46

Rating of Films 52

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Film Diary

John Kratovil

The next issue will appear on November 1st.

NOTE.

Brighton Film Review will be appearing monthly from now on. The diary will cover the complete month, and new sections: one to cover books on the cinema, and the other will provide a forum for film makers in Brighton to talk about what they are doing.

EASY RIDER

(U.S.A. 1969, D. Hopper; P. Fonda).

When Peter Fonda stands, silhouetted against the evening sky, staring at his outstretched hand in a pose of agonised doubt you know that, like the Hamlet he obviously thinks he is playing, or perhaps is, he is doomed to an untimely death. Easy Rider is Fonda's (and Dennis Hopper's) up-dated version of Corman's Wild Angels in which Fonda appeared, for it is quite clear that the moral debate manifested in the film, although of respectable and long pedigree, has been tempered and qualified by Fonda's experience of Corman.

Although Easy Rider appears to be the work of two men (Fonda and Hopper) it is, in fact, more or less exclusively concerned with the character played by Fonda, with whom, to an extent gauged by Fonda's performances outside the cinema, he (Fonda) identifies. Thus the title is in the singular - there is only one easy rider we need bother about. To this extent all the other characters in the film, even the physical scenery, merely impinge on Fonda's melancholy soliloquoy and provide the impetus for changes in the direction of his self-indulgence. Fonda is always in the foreground - over the titles it is him alone we see, preparing for the subsequent journey, it is he who handles the deal that provides the money for the two of them. Fonda is "Captain America", a symbol perhaps, for all America, timeless (therefore it is Fonda who in one remarkable sequence of quick cuts and zooms throws his watch away and sets off from a ruin of indeterminate age, and subsequently discovers a broken watch in the sand); whilst Dennis Hopper is Billy (the Kid, perhaps), violent, aggressive in buckskins, the archetypal frontiersman who even plays at cowboys and Indians around a camp-fire, a symbol of something that belongs to a definite time, a precise historical moment.

The preoccupation with time is one characteristic of the film, and if it is there by anyone's hand it would seem to be Hopper's alone. A series of quick cuts mark the transition from night to day, at least in the early part of the film. Later another quick cut gives us a premonition of Fonda's death scene and Hopper's direction in these shots and in the trip scene show a use of a technique similar to that used by Corman (espesially The Trip) and by Renais, that is at once more consistent than Corman's and more lucid than Renais'. Even more effective is the long, slow feeling elicited by careful panning in the scenes where the two travellers break for rests. Compared to the scenes of the two driving we find an identity which manifests itself in Fonda's synbolic escape. Within the framework of the journy space and time become identified to the extent that the movement in space is accompanied by a temporal progression whilst a lack of such movement is accompanied by a slowing down of time itself (of our and the character's perception of time). Thus the historical timelessness of the Fonda character is contrasted by the necessity of his being in time - which necessity is fulfilled by his journey. Thus the stranger from the tribe tells Fonda to quarter the acid "when you get to the right place" and Fonda replies to the suggestion that he was at the right place, "I got to move on". Moreover, the trip sequence shows us that the effect of the acid was to create an experience of timelessness by destroying (for the audience at least) the temporal sequence of events. Further we discover the "right place" to be a cemetery - it is only the dead who know no time.

The stranger also says "all cities are the same" and insofar as they are all manifestations of a society which Fonda and the stranger reject, that is so. Yet the journey is a journey from one city to another. The escape from a particualar historical time is only accomplished by an escape from the

symbol of that time - the modern American city, be it Los Angeles or New Orleans. Only in the countryside could the Fonda character become an historical entity, a symbol for the "good country" America once was. Thus it is with a farming family that we see the young Fonda, repairing a wheel on his bike, equated with the old farmer changing a horseshoe. But the easy rider can only escape temporarily, for his escape is a passive, subjective denial. In taking upon himself the responsibility for his dying friend he does his only positive, unselfish act of the film; but in so doing he dies. It is not enough.

It is perhaps significant that although the film takes place entirely in the Southern U.S.A. not one black appears. It is, after all a story of a young white (middle-class) rebellion, even the music is all-white rock, and as such it is rebellion by passive subjective rejection. What would have saved Fonda from agonizing (for him and us) hours of self-doubt and Christ-like resignation would have been the solution to his problem - an active struggle to change reality not to escape from it.

G. H.

RIDE BOLDLY RIDE

El Dorado (U.S.A.) Hawks; John Wayne, Robert Mitchum.

The common view of El Dorado is that it is a remake of Rio Bravo (cf. Brighton Film Review, vol. 1, no. 1). Robin Wood in his book on Hawks counters this view by suggesting that it is an extention of Rio Bravo. According to Wood the characters of Rio Bravo are redrawn ten years older. Thus pain and age become the focus of attention as they repeat the action of Rio Bravo. Such a view is very appealing and is easily substantiated in the film. However, such view is also rather limiting and to quote late Yeats, as opposed to early Yeats, (on Only Angels Have Wings) does not really help to clarify matters.

Nonetheless, Wood's refusal to denigrate Hawks's later films is admirable. Hawks's central position with regard to both the American Cinema and the auteur theory demand a close reading of his later films if only because they are test cases of critical theories. Placed in the context of his complete works Hatari and El Dorado, two of Hawks's most recent adventure films, are especially interesting in that we can see in them a move to unify in a single film what had hitherto been kept in the main seperate, the comic and the dramatic. Hatari fails; it is not a "charming" film, it is an exploratory one. El Dorado succeeds because, as in his Girl Friday, force and death are counterpoised.

In El Dorado Hawks finally explicitly endorses love and hatred, seen always in a familial situation against the professional ethic, that until El Dorado dominated his films, at least on the surface. In Rio Bravo Wayne "wasn't good enough" on his own and therefore needs help, in El Dorado even with help Wayne "isn't good enough" and finally must kill

a fellow professional by trickery. I can say fellow professional but from the beginning of the film, when Cole (Wayne) refuses the job Bart Jason offers him because it would involve going against J.P. (Mitchum) who is his friend, Cole is no longer a professional.

"Professional courtesy", which Nelse McLeod, the hired gun of Bart Jason, always shows to J.P. and Cole, is the defining metaphor of the film. But J.P. and (especially) Cole's response to professionalism is to reject it. In the battle with Jason J.P. fires the first round because everone thinks he is drunk and because he is concerned to redeem himself, and Cole kills McLeod in the end by trickery. The question as to who is faster is never settled. Success becomes so important to Cole that trickery becomes a necessity.

Cracks in the stance of professionalism appear early. Cole's two trips, first to Jason's and then to McDonald's ranch are shot in the same way. The two ranchers are at first undifferentiated in moral terms. But to Cole the two journeys are different. He brings with him to the McDonald ranch the dead body of Luke McDonald who comitted suicide when he failed to kill Cole - he had been left by his father to keep a lookout for Cole. Cole accepts that he is responsible in part for Luke's death - Luke "wasn't good enough", but still he died. At the McDonald place there are no face on shots of Cole speaking from authority, as there are of him talking <u>at</u> Jason. Complimentary to Cole's acceptance of guilt is the pain he is placed in. The bullet that Joey (McDonald's daughter) lodges in Cole's back - in revenge for Luke's death Joey tries to kill Cole from an ambush, she only wounds him - os not merely the physical index of guilt, like pangs of conscience the bullet arbitrarily hurts and causes paralysis <u>sometimes</u>, but also an index of age. Cole literally becomes a cripple and at one point in the film is

incapacitated due to a paralytic attack. Obviously in such a condition he can no longer continue as a gunman. The Willard Mitchell character of Only Angels Have Wings becomes in El Dorado the central character. Logically Cole must "ground" himself, as his old gunfighter friends do in part by becoming sherrifs, but his motives for action, to relieve the pressure of guilt/pain that Luke's/Joey's bullet cause him and to help J.P. are unamenable to arguments from the professional stance.

Mississippi whom Cole meets just as Mississippi completes his revenge on his "fathers" murderers is an expert with a knife but helpless with a gun. He becomes Luke for Cole - Mississippi's first words to Cole are "I am not your son" - and Cole immediatly equips him with the most unprofessional of guns, a sawn-off shot gun.

In short, it is familial feelings that are at the back of "two cripples, a green kid and an Indian fighter's" defence of the McDonald's against Jason and his hired guns. Through the suggestion of a marriage between Mississippi and Joey the two "families" are joined. Fittingly, in the final gun battle Jason is killed not by J.P. or Cole, but by Joey who has reason to hate him.

Thus at the end of the film, the doctor apart - in one scene he leaves J.P. with his finger in his wound while he examines the more "interesting" wound of Cole - there are no professionals left.

P.H.

ALFRED THE GREAT (G.B. 1969) Clive Donner, David Hemmings.

Clive Donner is a director who has suffered great fluctuations in critical acclaim. His first film to reach a large audience Some People (1962) was noted, if only because his handling of a theme which appeared unbelievably unpromising (the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme) was fresh and new. His next film, Nothing but the Best (1963) Consolidated his reputation as a skilled director with something to say. Since then his reputation was not enhanced by Whats New, Pussycat? (1965), Here we go Round the Mulberry Bush (1967) and finally Alfred the Great (1969).

Why has Donner apparently not fulfilled his early promise? His later films show ho diminution in technical skill. It seems somehow that the subject matter is lacking - that perhaps Donner is unable to widen the scope of his experience.

To substantiate this suggestion, it is necessary to discuss what Donner appears to be trying to say in his films, whether there is some unifying theme which runs through them. It appears that in the list of films mentioned above there is such a theme. Put crudly, Donner appears to be able to deal only with 'the hero' used in the sense of the part of the structure, rather than any wider mythological concept. Each film deals in detail with the strengths and weaknesses of the 'male lead' as he encounters various situations. Donner's strength (and weakness) is that he seems only able to deal with this one character. This character is in some way or other obsessed with success in his own terms. For example, Nothing but the Best deals with a young man on the make, who sees success in marrying the bosses daughter. Barry in Mulberry Bush sees success as losing his virginity and getting into University. In Pussycat, Peter o'Toole sees success in achieving monogamy, Woody Allen in achieving polygamy. In Alfred the Great, Alfred succeeds when he conquers his hatred of his animal passions, and reconciles his delight in combat with his feeling for learning.

Essentially Donner deals with the same problem expressed in a number of styles. Nothing butthe Best was setin the'Kind Hearts and Coronets' tradition of the'50s and the hero took his objectives from this tradition. Mulberry Bush followed a long series of films about adolescent swingers. Pussycat reminds us of the sophisticated Hollywood sex comedy.

Alfred is, of course, an epic; a homemade epic about a mostly unknown period of history. Alfred is a young man cast in the heroic mold, a great soldier and huntsman, but filled with a self hatred which leads him to seek refuge in the church. We first meet him as a prince about to become ordained as a priest, when the news arrives that the Danes have landed, are offering battle, and his brother the king is injured. Alfred reluctantly takes

charge of the Saxon armies and wins the battle. His enjoyment of the fighting increases his self loathing.He is fooled into marrying a princess from Mercia to unite the kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex under a strong king when his brother dies.

In rage and pride he first buys off the Danes,then alienates his nobles and has his army wiped out. He hides in the marshes where he meets a band of outlawswho teach him humility and self-knowledge.Purged of his pride,he re-unites the kingdom to destroy the Danes.

The synopsis given above shows that Alfred is not an epic in the usual sense of the word,but more an exploration of the character of a single man who happens to be king of a petty dark age kingdom.This fact underlines the problem,not usually encountered in epics,as to the psychological reality of the character.In El Cid,fpr example, the characters speak standard 'epicese'and one is not worried by relationships between Charlton Heston and the literary or historical Cid. He lives in a world of his own. In Alfred, the use of modern,naturalistic dialogue and especiallythe casting of David Hemmings as the hero raise questions. Did Dark Age kings really speak like that? We know they didnt,and this is likely to start us worrying whether they thought like that either.

However,this problem is implicit in Donner's use of varied styles to illuminate one particular type of character problem. In general his solution in Alfred works well. The only remaining question is whether the problem was worth solving. To say this is not to belittle the film which is a superbly competent piece of work, well worth seeing if only for the wonderfully fresh way in which the battle scenes are handled.

Donner has shown himself able to master a single theme, that of a young man growing up. His best films have not yet stepped outside this theme,nor has he shown himself able to handle complex relationships between two or more equally strong characters.He has two ways open to him,either to strike out and attempt something considerably harder, or to fold gently in on himself.

Geoff Jones.

SIGNS AND MEANING IN THE CINEMA — PETER WOLLEN

Probably the deadliest non-word of the English language is the hyphenated "thought-provoking",which as used by the mass media in their role of welfare agencies for complaisant literati,irresistably evokes a picture of a work that is utterly incapable of containing a thought,let alone of provoking one.All the same I feel it fits Peter Wollen's Signs and Meaning in the Cinema,which,as a pioneering book on film aesthetics in this country,has given anyone interested in the cinema a great deal to think about along with,inevitably, much to disagree with.Wollen shows not only what the issues are but how they are related.

This is far from being an easy task because if anything has characterised film criticism from Eisenstein and Pudovkin to Bazin, Cahiers and Metz it is a quite extraordinary degree of eclecticism and confusion.In his opening chapter on Eisenstein Wollen,although not entirely at ease in the intellectual rollercoaster of modernism in the 1920s,nevertheless is able to give some idea of the range of influences which Eisenstein was exposed to,from Joyce and Baudelaire to Meyerhold and Pavlov.We find the same readiness adopt and assimilate in Brecht,for whom Shaw and strip-tease,boxing and cycling were all grist to the critical mill,but Brecht was a good deal more successful in creating a coherent body of theory.Wollen attributes Eisenstein's relative failure to the greater difficulties presented by film,an iconic,non-verbal medium but he does not single any particular concept of Eisenstein's as being of continued relevance,so when he writes that Eisenstein "still has an enormous amount to teach us" it is difficult to think that this amounts to anything more than a pious gesture.Actually this chapter is self-contained and bears no very definite relationship to the rest of the book,so it is probably most helpful to think of it as a kind of historical introduction.

And after World War II we are plunged into an even greater morass.Critical movements tend to be either narrow,rigid and dogmatic or flexible and eclectic:uniquely,the group at Cahiers du Cinema, presided over by Bazin,succeeeded in being both at once.Eisensteinian montage was,of course,firmly rejected as constituting an unnecessary and artificial manipulation of reality and nothing,so it would appear could be further from Eisenstein's cinematic dialectics than Bazin's Catholic mysticism.However,I believe that,if we look more closely, certain similarities can be observed between the French and Russian schools.The most significant of these - particularly significant if

we bear in mind that problems of aesthetics are supposed to be at issue - is the absence of an adequate conception of the film as art, of the movie as an artistic experience.The notion of art and of the barriers that divide art from other forms of experience and activities of man virtually disappear.To a very large extent this represents an admirable and justifiable repudiation of the art-work as an inert, fetishised,sacrosanct product for the market,a conception wholly characteristic of capitalist society and the capitalist mentality - this is something I will come back to - on the other hand it does create serious difficulties.Yet Eisenstein,Bazin,Rossellini,Godard, Metz,Wollen too for that matter don't seem to be aware of the magnitude of the problem,which somehow slips out of sight.With Eisenstein cinema finds its place in the over-arching framework of Soviet dialectical materialism;it takes on propaganda and agit-prop functions; its effect on an audience is regarded as analogous to Pavlovian conditioning.With Bazin,Rossellini and many others we are given a mystical cult of the uniqueness of film in which the concept of art is eroded from another direction.Cinema,we must believe,gives us reality neat,without falsification or artifice,truth twenty two times a second.And of course the trouble is that the profound critic and philosopher of film is giving us the phenomenology of the photographic negative and rather seriously overlooking the fact that he is purporting to talk about movies,which are very definitely fiction in some sense,furthermore a socially given art form produced by a specific culture,with very definite conventions,assumptions etc. Structuralism has a similar problem.Whether practised by Barthes, Levi-Strauss or Propp structualist criticism characteristically operates by analysing not a single,novel,myth or tale but a whole corpus of them,in which a significant structure common to all of them is uncovered.But while,for the anthropologist good or bad myths do not exist,since all are valuable for the study of a culture;the distinction between good and bad art is a crucial one and to make it involves a discussion of what makes art,which structuralism is not equipped to undertake.Structuralism is also unable to deal adequately with the social dimensions of art,so that is either ducked altogether or homologies are assumed - pardonably in the case of Levi-Strauss; inexcusably in the case of Lucien Goldmann,where the method is to assume what was to be proved behind a screen of mystification and, regrettably,to operate as if Marxism had never been.And with semiology we reach the ultimate dissolution of art,where it becomes merely one of many sign systems to be subsumed under a general science of signs.

Nevertheless,both structuralism and semiology have a good deal to offer the film critic.Film criticism has been doubly handicapped, quite apart from the fact that,until recently,it was not regarded as legitimate to regard movies as art - here we go again! - at all.Would it be shown that the contribution of the director was paramount or was this so only in some cases (hence the auteur "theory") and even if it could how could this be separated out from the contributions made by the original author,one or more screenplay writers,cameraman and intrusive producer.A further problem was,and is,that of seeing all the films made a a particular director,preferably in sequence. But a structuralist approach would enable a kind of a model of the director's themes,preoccupations etc. to be built up which would serve not merely to define the characteristics of his work,but to eliminate from consideration movies that diverged radically from this pattern because the director had been given an unsuitable project,had had to work with the wrong stars or had been subject to various forms of sabotage or interference.As Wollen is aware,though Ben Brewster makes the point rather more clearly in his defence of Wollen in New Left Review,a further advantage is that this makes it possible to establish the auteur theory on a cooler and more analytic basis,without the personality cults of Movie and Cahiers :

> "Instead of regarding the auteur as a psychological individual, the director,or his Weltanschauung,Peter Wollen suggests that the auteur be regarded as a kind of ex post facto 'score':a comparative analysis of the work of an auteur (potentially not even the director, but cameraman,script-writer,etc.) enables the critic to establish the model of which each of the individual films is one more or less adequate realisation."

The dividends from semiology are potentially even more impressive, The kind of statements that can be made in pictures have rarely been analysed,but it is clear that they do constitute a form of language. As Metz points out a close-up of a revolver corresponds to "Here is a revolver." And it is in fact,Eisenteinian cinema based on close-up and montage that most clearly reveals the characteristics of language. Thus a scene in a room in which a man shoots a woman,while both are contained in the frame has the character of an event.The same scene, showing first the woman and the man,then a close-up of the revolver, a close-up of the woman's face,a shot,from behind the woman,of the gun going off,a cloe-up on the woman's face as she lies on the floor has the character of a statement or sentence:"The man shot the woman."

Semiology may also provide a solution to the endless debates over the rights and wrongs of expressionism,symbolism and montage in the cinema by demonstrating the polyvalency of the cinematic sign.Wollen argues for Pierce's classification of signs into iconic in which the sign resembles the signified,indexal,in which the thereiis an existential bond between sign and signified (weather-cock,barometer) and symbol,which is conventional and corresponds to Saussure's arbitrary sign.Wollen regards Bazin's view of cinema as indexal, Metz's as symbolic,Von Sternberg's emphasis on the pictorial character of cinema as iconic.Godard's significance,as,apparently,the director, is that he combines all three:

"More than anybody else Godard has realised the fantastic possibilities of the cinema as a medium of communication and expression."

That linguistics should have become so influential is not at all surprising.It is the use of language that above all characterises the human species.Moreover structuralist binary codes and Chomskian universal generative grammar seem to point the way towards an understanding of the brain and how it operates.Again language can serve as a metaphor for all kinds of human activities and since linguistics has been extraordinarily fertile in originating concepts its seems likely that many of them can have a wider application.Nevertheless it is highly questionable whether cheques from the bank of linguistics are all going to prove cashable in other disciplines.To begin with we have the fact that there are a number of competing linguistic schools,all with their own particular emphasis and specialised terminology.To attempt to superimpose these clashes on other fields is hardly likely to be intellectually productive.But simply to take over whatever terminology seems useful may be dangerously eclectic and may lead to a situation in which words which have a very specific meaning in the context of linguistics or semiology may either be used much more loosely or bent to serve meanings that could never have be originally intended.And this,I think is what happens with Wollen and Metz (significantly Levi-Strauss uses little but the basic concept of binary codes and then only in relation to specific preoccupations of his own,such as the transition from nature to culture).It may well be the case,as Wollen says,That Pierce's classification of signs into iconic,indexal and symbolic is "elegant and exhaustive" but this is not all their is to be said.Systems of classification need to have some kind of heuristic value in a specific context otherwise they are worse than useless - we could after all classify movies as short, medium length or long,black and white or colour.I am not entirely

happy about Pierce's category of indexal signs;many of the examples he gives could be described as arbitrary signs,which restricts the range of the concept very largely to medical symptoms.But of course the interest of the term "indexal" for Wollen is its affinity to Bazin's mystical view of photography as analogous to the moulding of a death mask.Now it is certainly true that Pierce classifies the photograph as an indexal sign. he fact remains,all other issues aside that a Hollywood movie is something different both in degree and in kind from a family snapshot.I don't think that Pierce would have been very happy about the way Wollen uses his terminology,in fact its appeal seems to have been its flexibility,that a sign can partake of all these aspects.Hasn't the word "symbol" been extended in meaning;can "icon",in Pierce's sense,really be applied to the deliberate artificiality of von Sternberg.Wollen's distinctions are interesting but they have little to do with Pierce.And Wollen,having seen the error of Bazin,who passed from a one-sided and distorted definition of cinema to equally one-sided and distorted value judgements,makes a similar error of his own.If Pierce's terminology can deal with all varieties of cinematic sign (which I doubt) all well and good but this provides absolutely no justification for slipping into the highly emotive value judgement,that Godard's movies are good because they contain all types of sign.The proposition is simply absurd.

As applied to the arts the conceptual grid of linguistics and semiology concentrates in the wrong places:certain distinctions have no real relevance while certain problems slip through the mesh completely because the words being used are too vague and the relationships assumed are too simple.In Pierce's case "indexal" is of little use, while "icon" and "symbol" are too blunt to begin to grapple with the complexities of artistic representation.And,of course,a literary symbol has very little in common with a arbitrary sign,as Saussure understands its.I want to go into this further by talking about Rembrandt,whose work is relevant both to these problems and also to the cinema.If we take,for example,Rembrandt's painting,"Man with a Gilt Helmet" the question arises as to what this painting "represents."The model for the painting is believed to have been Rembrandt's brother,Adriaen, so the painting could represent "Adriaen wearing a Helmet" - a helmet being one of the many props which Rembrandt had in his studio.In this sense the painting is iconic.It could also be regarded as having an indexal aspect,insofar as the helmet suggests that what we have here is a picture of a soldier of some kind.Again,it may be that Rembrandt

had some specific historical figure in mind,so that the picture could be regarded as representing "Soldier X" or,rather differently as "Adriaen as Soldier X" - on the lines of "Saskia as Flora." It is equally possible that Rembrandt intended the picture to symbolise a more general sense of lost dignity and grandeur - an interpretation that is by no means fanciful when we consider the contrast between shrewdness,carefulness and calculation of the Syndics of the Drapers' Guild,whom Rembrandt painted examining their ledgers and the generosity, openness and powerful emotion of his Old Testament subjects.It will,of course,be argues that what Rembrandt painted,or regarded himself as painting doesn't matter.Yet it makes a great deal of difference to know,for example,that the painting once thought to be a portrait of the painter,PC.Hooft is,in fact,"Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer." Again what could be more realistic that Rembrandt's "Self-portrait with a Dead Bittern".But a closer inspection reveals that Rembrandt is about to hang the dead bird on a gallows like post,on which his own name is written,symbolising painting in its twofold character as death,because it freezes,and as life,because it can create life,while the fate of the bird foreshadows Rembrandt's own.The double sense of painting of life and death simultaneously pervades all of Rembrandt's work and there is likewise a continual blurring of the line between illusion and reality.This ambiguity is present in the "Night Watch" or "The Militia Company of Captain Frans Banning Cocq";where the troops being called out are real enough and yet the whole picture seems deliberately to be a charade,to proclaim itself as as art-work,an imaginative creation rather than the depiction of a real event."hile "the Polish Rider" seems clearly imaginative; "Frederick Rihel on Horseback" a posed portrait,"The Night Watch" stands somewhere between,positively relishing its own theatricality. In fact with Rembrandt,the imaginative,the world he can create with the props of his studio increasingly becomes more real to him than he real world,as Gerson points out:

> "He simply turned his back on the bourgeois world,creating another world of fanciful dress and unreal architecture".

Clearly this is related to the marginality of the artist's position in the 17th century and that in turn suggests why Rembrandt's paintings embody a host of private meanings.Rembrandt's relevance to the cinema lies both is his extraordinary awareness of the complexity of the relationship between the real and the symbolic,and his profoundly imaginative use of "props",in which he resembles the film director,so that,for example,an interestingly shaped crown leads to the extraordinary "Conspiracy of Julius Civilis."

It is because,fundamentally,I believe that painting can leads us to a more direct understanding of the fundamentals of cinema than can the study of language that I would reject categorically the distinction made by Wollen and many others between the auteur and the metteur en scene,on the assumption that the metteur en scene simply sets up the action in front of the cameras and lets them roll while with the auteur,on the other hand,we find themes (preferably, of course involving binary oppositions) which recur from picture to picture.To postulate this is to have got hold of the wrong end of the stick.On the contrary,what makes a great director is precisely the art of mis en scene,for the whole art of cinema is mis en scene, and what distinguishes from the inferior director is his ability to completely recreate in his own terms through mis en scene the material with which he has been givenTo show how useless the term auteur is let us have a look at a description by Truffaut of his antithesis, the Hollywood technician:

> "They set up a scene,place the actors within that setting and then proceed to film the whole of that scene,which is substantially dialogue,in six or eight different ways by varying the shooting angle,from the front,the side,the high shot,and so on.Afterwards they do it overnagain,this time varying the focus.The next step is to film the whole scene,first using full shot,then a medium shot and finally in close-up."

As Truffaut describes these men they are clearly childlike - let us take the case of someone who certainly fits in this category -George Cukor,one of Wollen's Third line directors,known as a photographer of women and as the man who put cameras in front of My Fair Lady. Now the interesting thing is that Cukor's films,including My Fair Lady and his recent Justine (a project taken over from Joseph Strick) exhibit a remarkably consistent pattern.Virtually all of them deal with an individual whose identity is fractured or damaged in some way,who is divided between different worlds or roles.Now it cannot be said that this is a "Cukor theme" - the woman with a problem, torn between being a successful businesswoman or a mother,one man and another,simple happiness or the big-time all of this is pure Hollywood bread and butter.No,what is important is Cukor's treatment of this theme,the way that the pull between this or that is not transformed into the dishonesty of having ones cake and eating it or reduced to mere vacillation,but is shown to represent a fundamental cleavage in the indentity of the individual,so that the desire for self fulfillment repeatedly brings the individual to the point of self-destruction.Cukor,in his mis en scene, makes great use of mirrors - and again this is not unique to Cukor,there are very few important directors who have not made significant use of them.

The reason for this is that the mirror represents,above all,self-consciousness and for a character to look in one in a movie,has the same significance that an interior monologue or a passage in a diary might have in a novel.And of course,Cukor uses mirrors to bring out the nature of the roles people play.Cukor is far from being an outstanding director but his work is nevertheless too subtle to be examined extensively here,but his merits can only be decided not by looking for themes as auteur credentials but by examining the quality of his mis en scene,which embraces everything from colour,lighting and camera movements to casting.

What characterises cinematic mis en scene is the fact that symbolism and realism are inextricably related.to portray is necessarily to use suggestive,representative detail,which is to a greater or lesser degree symbolic.So that the way a character walks or is situated by the camera may tell us a great deal about his character,his predicament or his mood. The relationship between the two,the impossibility of separating,comes out very clearly in the discussions reported in Nizhny's Lessons with Eisenstein,particularly in the section where Raskolnikov is to be shown murdering the old woman,to be filmed in a single shot.Hitckcock's Rope,a much longer project of course, was also filmed in a single shot and this also makes clear how much of a red herring the whole controversy over montage has been.For both Eisenstein and Hitckcock were fully aware that it was possible to achieve the effects of montage by other means,i.e. by the positioning of the camera.About Rope Hitchcock said:

> "The mobility of the camera followed my usual cutting practise. In other words,I maintained the rule of varying the size of the image in relation to its emotional importance within a given episode."

An example of the way in which camera movement replaces montage can be found at the beginning of Rear Window,where in place of a pre-credit sequences showing an event,Stewart hit by racing car while taking photographs,an event the camera moves from Stewarts leg in plaster to a broken camera and pictures of racing cars,in effect a montage statement:

"Stewart is a photographer""He was injured in a car accident."

Both Eisenstein and Hitchcock have a keen awareness of the importance of using pictures to replace words,of the way in which the mis en scene to give added depth and background to a cinematic action that may otherwise be two-dimensional,of "filling out the tapestry",in

Hitchcock's significant phrase,of the importance,in the cinema of making an audience experience emotion,rather than watch a character emoting.Taken together,Eisenstein and Hitchcock provide a valuable corrective to the platitudes and pieties of naive realism.

Eisenstein orginally worked in the theatre and it has been commonplace to dismiss his late work with its stylised gesture as theatrical,but this,once again,reveals a fundamental misconception, for in the cinema as in painting,gesture,the physical relationship of characters in space,and so on are more fundamental than words. Cinema's most important link with the theatre,or rather point at which it goes beyond the theatre lies in the fact that it is in the cinema that Craig's conception of the "uber-marionette" is most nearly realised.Craig s low estimate of actors is echoed in Hitchcock's "Actors are cattle" and his statement,"the chief requisite for an actor is the ability to do nothing well." No moviegoer can have failed to notice the way in which it is possible for a skilled to get performances from actors with little or no ability,though to say this is to put it the wrong way.What the actors does is merely part of a more complex effect,which is set up by the director.For example Hawks in Only Angels Have Wings succeeds in projecting Cary Grant as a powerful charismatic individual in a way that seems to be out of this actors normal range.It is achieved by a hieratic photography that rivals Eisenstein,based on powerful half-length semi-close-ups; through the clothes Grant wears,through the way he is positioned in relation to the other characters,through gestures emphasised by their proximity to the camera.Similarly,Hitckcock,discussing Sylvia Sidney's performance in Sabotage,said:

> "The wrong way to go about this scene would have been to have the heroine convey her inner feelings to the audience by her facial expression.I'm against that.In real life,people's faces don't reveal what they think or feel.As a film director I must try to convey this woman's frame of mind to the audience by purely cinematic means."

And if this is so,it demonstrates that far from it being necessary to maximise the role of the director,his importance,on the contrary, can hardly be minimised.

A final consideration relates to Wollen's conception of the movie as score.It its rejection of extraneous considerations its reminds us of English literary criticism with its emphasis on "the words on the page" and French explication de texte,but it is also open to the same objections.Academicism confirms the status of the work of art,outside reality and time,and is happy to ignore or minimise social and cultural,economic aspects in a fixation on the fetishised art object.The artist too is happy with the fetishised inert object - "There it is.Take it or leave it.Read what you like into it.Make what you can of it." But this attitude is merely a carry-over of attitudes apparent even in the very birthpangs of capitalism.The artist first freed himself from his wealthy patron and won the right to pick his own subjects.He became entitled to express himself freely provided he satisfied the laws of the market,and he familiarised himself with the distinction between the art he produced for others and the art he produced for himself.Finally he rejected the market and became a celebrity and a personality,putting his name to artistic products like Helena Rubinstein endorsing a new face cream.And yet the fact is that it is impossible to talk about art at all without recognising that art simply cannot exist outside certain conventions for the experiencing of art.Thus a Chinese painting may look all right to me - rather nice in fact -and yet I may have no basis at all for regarding it as art,for thinking it a beautiful or undistinguished work,really I simply may not know what to do with it.It only becomes a work of art when I can relate it to conceptions of art with which I am familiar,can begin to understand what conventions it assumes and so on.In other words,art is not purely and simply something that an artist produces,it predicates a relationship between artist and audience.This is something that we have lost sight of under capitalism and a precondition for a more healthy artistic situation in every sense would be that artists should create not only for themselves and turn aside from the manufacture of fetishised objects.

I believe that the most fruitful developments in film criticism will come not from linguistics and semiology but from learning theory; in examining how we respond to the movies,in analysing the nature of the artistic experience - in fact in just about everything that Wollen leaves out of account.

David Morse

LETTER FROM VENICE

1

The 30th Venice Film Festival was - to all intents and purposes - a non-event. After last year's "contestazione" of the Festival by students, film-makers and critics alike, it was decided to "open" the Festival, that is to make evening dress optional rather than compulsory, to reduce admission prices, so that non-invited audiences could have a look at what was being offered, and to introduce a few administrative changes. But the new liberal pose of the Biennale only served to highlight its fundamental contradictions. By trying to keep the old, and at the same time catch the new, Signor Laura, the new director, in fact merely proved the irrelevance of a film festival of this kind.

Far from "spreading around a new spirit, suitable for the changed sensibility and for the most corrosive spirit of modern cultural reality" (official introduction), the Festival has itself corroded. The new paint just won't stick. The rift between the economic interests which gave birth to the Festival in the 30's and the cultural functions expected from it today has grown too wide over the years to give the Festival any kind of cohesion. Producers, film-makers, journalists - none of these interest groups have very high stakes in Venice nowadays. What was once a happy brotherhood, when the film industry - then still forced to sell its wares on the open market - would gladly make common cause with a status and prestige-seeking haute bourgeoisie while a glamour-hungry Europe was ready to lap up unending trivia about film stars and starlets (while the film-makers, tied hand and foot to the omnipotent distributors, were trailing behind) - this brotherhood has long since been dissolved. Now that official cultural activity has become so threadbare that even a child can see through the hoax, the organizers, snatching the nearest tag in sight to hide their nakedness, feel suddenly

committed to "the modern cinema, the living cinema which fights against indifference, escapism, the sleeping of conscience and intelligence" (official introduction). Quite so. And that is why this modern cineama, has solidly stayed away from Venice this year. Now it is probably Venice that needs the cinema more than the cinema needs Venice.

Many of the young directors have refused invitations to the Festival. The big production companies don't bother to send their films because they have sold them to the distributors long before they ever left the cutting rooms; and the same is true of the works of the more prestigious European "art" directors. Altogether, it is only the debut film, the small independent production or the films from Latin America, Africa, or Eastern Europe that still depend to a certain degree on the European festivals to bring their products to the attention of an international market. For them, the Festival is still to a certain degree a source of publicity. But now that it has been decided to do away with prizes and awards in Venice, even the publicity value is rapidly going down, since in many countries a prize or an honourable mention at a Festival meant a sizeable tax-reduction or even a premium from the State, and, therefore, hard cash, either directly or at the box-office.

Therefore, even in its revised form, the Venice Film Festival will hardly have a happy future. The Festival's altered appearance is not even primarily the result of last year's left-wing protest. From the point of view of the industry, Venice has outlived its usefulness and the organizers now stand wherever the diverse pressure groups have pushed them.

That it were economic considerations, and not artistic ones that have always decided the fate of the Festival is embarrassingly obvious from its very topography. First of

all, the Festival takes place on the Lido, the luxury island on the seaward side of the lagoon a few miles off Venice. The actual building - the Palazzo del Cinema - is squeezed between the municipal Casino and the Excelsior, a vast expensive hotel, looking rather like an extended version of the Royal Pavilion. Physically cut off from the town itself, the Festival has always been reserved exclusively for a social elite of international tourists, celebrities, and samples of Venice's own upper-class of hotel and restaurant owners, seasoned by a handful of municipal top brass.

Having realized that they can no longer attract the glamour, and undoubtedly also in response to some of last year's demands, the organizers have this year shown a selection of films concurrently at Mestre, the industrial part of Venice on the mainland. But this should not be taken for more than it is: a clumsy and demagogical attempt to fabricate an alibi and to pay lip-service to the current mood of leftist cultural fashion. No attempt was made to bring these films in any sense to the local population, either through public debates or relevant information, quite apart from the fact that most of the films shown would only have the remotest links with the world of Mestre's working population.

11

In this situation, where the Venice Festival was scarcely more than the bargain counter of the year's independent production, with the remnants of the bigger market and a few oddments from the Eastern and the lesser-known Third World countries, there can be no question of having been offered a representative selection of the world's cinema production. This has to be said, in order to understand how so many appallingly uninter-

esting films could all come together in one festival. The selection clearly shows the helplessness and disorientation of the organizers who have been caught with their pants down by last year's uproar. Since they had obviously never felt the need to formulate a cinematic policy based on discrimination and artistic judgement, their newly-won "freedom" did them little good, and they were certainly unable to formulate any kind of coherent programme or conception. Hence, the forty-odd feature films shown, left a sense of disappointment, of a missed opportunity, and almost everybody felt that it had all been a big waste of time. Nothing can be more depressing than having to watch five or six films a day unconnected except for their uniformly low level on inspiration. It took quite some courage on the part of the director when he claimed a continuous theme for his random pick. In his eyes, "the Festival was dedicated not to realism in the cinema, but to all the symbolic, phantatic and magic ways in which the cinema can describe life."

What he meant by this was fairly adequately conveyed by Pasolini's lastest oeuvre Porcile (Pigs). The indescribably heavy symbolism drags the film to an almost complete standstill. The situations (a young man starving in the desert becomes a cannibal, is capured and thrown to the wolves - simultaneously another young man who refuses to interest himself in his father's industrial empire, is eaten by his father's pigs) are so stylized as to be laughable, while the significance of the individual scenes remains so obscure that one will have to wait for another structuralist key before one can open this particular piece of magic.

Likewise, Fellini's Satyricon purports to be a symbolic satire of modern social, religious and moral

decadence. To me it was a vast, tedious and largely incomprehensible string of images and compositions, with any kind of action rigorously banned from the screen. Instead, each image chases the other with an abundance of elaboration and grotesque detail. Petronius' book on ancient Rome becomes a pretext for an infinite series of in-jokes about Rome's rich hippies. After an hour or so, one's stomach starts to react painfully to this indigestible visual menu.

One would, I think, do Bresson's better work a disservice if one did not point out the weakness of his latest film, La Femme Douce. After Balthazar and even Mouchette it comes as a great disappointment. Gone is the power to infuse a spiritual sense in objects and gestures of everyday life, and heavily stark symbolism has replaced the fluid visual language of say, Balthazar. A white scarf floating from a window in slow-motion, or a man taking apart a crucifix - such images seem scarcely worthy of a director who could tell a tragic love story in a two minute sequence at a fun-fair. With La Femme Douce Bresson once more choses Paris as his location, and one begins to wonder whether the presence of evil so powerfully suggested in Balthazar was ever more than a fanciful projection of a religious anachronism into the French "vie de province". As with Pickpocket, Bresson's idea of modern Parisian life strikes one as radically inadequate and therefore his assertions seem presumptious. Just as in Pickpocket Bresson seemed to refuse recognition of the hollow pathos in his hero's right-wing existentialism, so in La Femme Douce, he scorns the most rudimentary notions of modern psychology in order to impose a religious dimension on his story of a young woman driven to suicide by her husband's jealous incomprehension.

The British entry, Two Gentlemen Sharing (Ted Kotcheff) is in many ways a dangerous film. Dangerous, because it tried to tackle a major social issue (the race problem in Britain) with incredible simple-mindedness, but also because an intolerably involved and improbable plot is trying to suggest the complexity of the issue, where in the film there is merely confusion. In addition, every with-it stero-type notion of Britain has been milked for a scene: A young ad-film maker is sharing a flat with a coloured Oxford graduate. Predictable trouble starts with the landlady, and the hero goes through a lengthy crisis of conscience. He gives up his upper-class fiancee for a (white) hairdresser from Brixton whom he met at an all-black rave-up in Islington, and who turns out to have a coloured stepfather. Meanwhile, the Oxford graduate is trying to make it in the City, but finally decides to go back to Jamaica. The hero, still struggling with his conscience, gets drunk at a riotous party in his flat and almost gives in to the solicitations of a young negro homosexual. In the end he finds himself in the now obligatory pose of tragic uncomprending despair. Technically less adventurous than a T.V. play, the film gives away its pretensions on the level of mise-en-scene, with its naive narrative structure that belies all claims to complexity or depth. Every shot is as predictable as in a travel catalogue - always played for maximal emotional effect and oozing with significance.

A rather more interesting film came from Germany. Cardillac (Edgar Reitz) is the story of a Berlin jeweller, so much in love with his own creations that he becomes a killer and maniac in order to get them back. It is an interesting attempt to dramatize the relations of art

armed revolt against social injustice seems facile and irresponsible, given the political analysis that the film is offering. Its point of view (backward, semi-feudal peasant values) makes the inadequate picture of the role of the U.S. in Latin America appear the more misleading.

More serious in its political analysis was the Italian film Sierra Maestra (Ansano Giannarelli). A fantastic discussion of left-wing politics at a party in Rome is intercut with a long debate in a Venezuelan military prison between an Italian journalist detained there for questioning, and a captured guerrilla fighter. This action is itself set in the frame of actual material from a guerrilla mission. The three different levels of a political struggle are well-fused, though the film often gives the impression of being very literary, - and not understanding more than a word here and there of the Spanish and Italian dialogues, much of the argument was unfortunately lost on me.

From Cuba came La Primera Carga Al Machete (Manuel Gomez) - already shown at the recent week of Cuban films at the N.F.T. With a mixture of interview-reportage and expressionist black and white composition, Gomez recreated an uprizing of the Cuban against the Spanish governors in the 1860's, where the machete was first used as the weapon of Cuban freedom fighting. The mise en scene is that of a self-assured auteur, in perfect control of the medium. One of the section of the film "Portrait of a Leader" is particularly brilliant with extremely fluid takes and rapid cuts to bring out the way in which the leader is in fact only a leader in action and all the time entirely integrated with the men that surround him.

But perhaps the most interesting films of the

and money, and of how an artist can live in and off a society which he despises, while at the same time he is surrounded by people who love and admire him. Reitz's technique is that of an enquiry starting after Cardillac's suicide. Interspersed are various interviews with fictitious and real eccentrics about their artistic pursuits, among others, a hilarious (because unnoticed by the protagonist) sent-up of millionaire Gunther Sachs who plays himself in the role of a great connoisseur of modern art.

Many films at the Festival treated - in one way or another - explicitly political subjects. This ranged from a Canadian film on hippies to an Italian one about Venezuelan guerilla fighting. The Canadian Prologue (Robin Spry) is a piece of straightforward cine verite mixed with fictional parts about a hippie couple who split up, with the girl going to a hippie colony, while the boy, feeling more politically minded, goes to the Chicago Democratic Convention. Brief performances by Ginsberg, Genet, Burroughs. The film catches very well the sense of constant struggle to make a historical political dimension enter into a personal-emotional sphere of awareness. The film's aspirations are on a very modest scale, however, leaving no hard feelings - even the father of the hippie girl is reduced to tears.

More dubious was the Bolivian film Yawar Mallku (Jorge Sanjines) about a poor villager shot [illegible] by the police for rebelling against the work of an Americam sterilization team, and who is then taken to the city by his wife where he bleeds to death because of lack of money for a blood transfusion. Despite some good scenes, rather in the tradition of Italian neo-realism, the film is too much of a carricature to be impressive as a social document. The final appeal to

whole Festival were the two entrys from Brazil. One is an allegory about modern Brazil - Macunaima (Joaqim de Andrada) - in the form of a colourful picaresque tale, directed with magnificent sense of comical detail and precise timing. It is a film in which a lazy and blundering hero exposes the contradictions of Brazilian life, where -according to the director - all personal and social relations are basically cannibalistic. Macunaima is as serious as Gullivers Travels and with a satire and wit as pointed as that of Fielding. Despite its anthropological garb (black hero of the backwood changes into a white, tries to make his fortune in the city, and finally returns to the woods with T.V. and other bizarre technological devices) and kind of populist or folk mystique is weeded out with great wit and sarcasm. The other Brazilian film is Os Herdeiros (Carlos Diegues) - the life and the fate of a left-wing journalist and his family successive governments and dictatorships - a symbolic record of curruption and opportunism, betrayal and vaccilliation among Brazil's intellectual milieu. The film ends with one of the journalist's sons becoming a kind of confused student revolutionary. Dieges mixes a variety of styles, from tragic to the operatic, from the comic-pathetic to elements of farce. But above all one feels the presence of a political commitment which goes hand in hand with an interest for the problems of culture and artistic means of expression.

In general, it was this aspect of the Festival - the possibility and the conditions of a political cinema - that should have been at the centre of a critical debate. One would have wanted more films, for example, from Latin America, more information about the Cinema Nuovo, a chance to look again at some of the films of Glauber Rocha in the information section,

debates with the directors that go beyond the polite question and answer game of the press conferences. One would have wanted seminars about the economic and political conditions of film-making today, about independent production - but also about independent distribution. One should have discussed the reasons why the politically engaged film is moving further and further away from mass-audiences; but with this one is asking for another kind of festival altogether, and certainly not one that could be held at the Lido.

Thomas Elsaesser.

TOWARDS A FILM MAKER' MANIFESTO

The assumption that making films is an activity restricted to professionals - those who have undergone the initiation by qualification or experience, into the mysteries of cinematography - is a spurious one. The mystification involved is a means of maintaining an artificial separation that can be seen as a more advanced form of the division of labour - that is the separation of functions in bourgeois society. Thus a man is either artist, audience, performer or, perhaps, critic and each category is a separate compartment. The result of this eventual total differentiation is that, for example, the artist's work - other than, in both cases, in terms of the lowest common denominator of corporate art in a capitalist society: the market functions, supply and demand, profit and price.

Thus it is that in Western societies, where man has become increasingly alienated from his work, that work is no longer of any significance to him. Ian Birchall points out ("The Decline and Fall of British Rhythm and Blues", an essay in the collection The Age of Rock, ed. Jonathan Eisen, Vintage Books; N.Y., '69) that:

> A man's work is no longer an experience which deserves a place in his culture ... Similarly, politics in the conventional sense is so remote from everyday reality that it earns no place in a popular culture.

Work and conventional politics appear more often and more significantly in films from socialist countries, (for example The Switchboard Operator, Yugoslavia, '67), whilst in the capitalist countries of the West fragmentation, individualism and lack of class consciousness in social life lead to personal solutions of an escapist or fantastic nature and the

art of these countries (especially in the mid and late sixties) reflect this trend. Thus the cinema as an industry preoccupies itself with the fantasy and escapism of private and personal relationships, individual violence, collective nostalgia for earlier, simpler, times and all the ingredients of psychoanalytic, romanticist wish-fulfillment. The increasing openess and extent of repression and institutionalized violence of capitalism fighting for it life (of which wage-restraint; inflationary prices and rents; Powellism and all forms of racism; Ireland and Vietnam are a few examples) tends to polarize art as much as it does opinion. An increase in escapist art is matched by an upsurge in the political and social consciousness of some artists outside the corporate structure. In the cinema as yet there are not enough socially and politically committed film makers. Those people who do make films in an attempt to describe and change reality (and not to escape from it) must be on guard against two equally destructive tendencies. They must;

i) remain outside the corporate structure of the capitalist cinema industry. To accept the possibility of working within the established cinema system is to accept the imposition of a limit to their freedom to work outside the market - a market the very concept of which they should be struggling against, are defined by the needs of capitalism in its fight for survival.

ii) Closely associated with the first condition is the necessity to remain free of the artificial separation of functions mentioned above. To fall prey to this division is to accept, perhaps the most significant premise of bourgeois art the existence of a pure aesthetic, the desirability or even the necessity of art's "transcedence" of its social environment and its political, historical and economic context. Thus, the argument goes, art is the result of one

> man's ability to raise himself above the everyday world of one spatio-temporal region and transmit through his chosen medium (possibly with the help of specialized performers and critics) his personal vision to a decidedly inferior audience there to be enlightened. Even the capitalists know this to be a lie, at best a bourgeois rationalization. The real aim of such art is the creation of a world in which artists and audience alike can ignore rather than transcend their social environment. The training in technique, most required in making films, is a process of mystification that artificially raises the artist above lesser mortals. Thus it is that bourgeois art in the late capitalist period has become obsessed with form regardless of content. The film maker working in the corporate structure is, of all artists, the most nearly a merchant - marketing a product whose selling points are almost entirely formal (Cinemascope, Technicolour, text book techniques of direction, photography, acting), in which subjects and themes are almost completely uniform in their banality.

The "Cahiers du Cinema" critics, in attempting to overcome the distinction between critic and director fell into both these traps. Firstly they accepted the possibility of working within the established structure and so had to face the mechanisms of repression in the cinema (the chief one being censorship, as with Godard's Le Petit Soldat) and either have their work unseen (or seen only by small numbers of intellectuals), or compromise to the aims of the market. Most of them chose the latter course (like Chabrol, endlessly churning out remakes of his earlier original successes to the accompaniment of tinkling cash-registers).

Secondly, they failed to recognize that as critics originally they were also audiences and, consequently, in becom-

ing film makers merely widened the division between critic, director and audience. Film making became ever more mystifying, and finding themselves ever more unable to communicate a significant content to their audience, sunk deeper into the abstractions of formal technique-mongering. (Much the same thing can be said of certain rock groups, most noteably the Beatles whose compromise to the market is almost complete, on the one hand, the setting up of Apple and retrogressive music like Get Back following the much heralded, non-existent - but for the record companies and promotors - rock 'n' roll revival, and on the other, a separation from their audience and a preoccupation with form as shown in their respective public lives and involvments).

To conclude these first notes I should like to quote some other such notes. It is hoped that via correspondence with this magazine from and to interested persons, film makers and potential film makers, a manifesto will grow. Alongside this largely theoretical enterprise a practice must also develop - people who make films, or who would like to; people who show films or want theirs shown; people who have available equipment, or people who need equipment; people with money, technical hints or just ideas, and people who need all these are all invited to communicate with the magazine so that we can manufacture an alternative to the Odeon. Remember, film is a powerful medium as news reel or as art - but it is most often used to lie or to put to sleep; we need to use it to tell the truth and to awaken everyone's political consciousness. That can only be done by working together, making films is easy but you need resources and other people.

The first quote is from a Positif article by Robert Benayoun reprinted in The New Wave, (ed. Peter Graham;

Secker and Warburg, '68).

> The future surely lies in the hands of a generation of film makers who are above all preoccupied with their own ideological emancipication and are already making, as best they can, militant films that bear witness to modern society - and on the side are learning to use a camera. This generation is using its ingenuity not to devise systems of self publicity, but to overcome, in the secrecy that circumstances demand, the material difficulties that their convictions impose upon them.
>
> We shall treat cinema as <u>one</u> of several means of expression, neither inferior nor superior to the others, and we shall submit films to criteria which do not subordinate moral and sociological considerations to aesthetic ones. We shall be careful not to confuse the mere practice of a profession with the creative act, or communal activity with the elaboration of a work of art. We shall ask that film makers be allowed to mature their works, instead of being forced to make slapdash jobs simply because the industry demands two films a year from them. We shall allocate as much time to each film as is needed for any important work, literary or philosophical, to be generated. We shall not indulge in the unbelievable glibness of talking about the cinema solely in technical terms, we shall refuse to set any limit on our imagination, and we shall subject films to all kinds of analogy. We shall base our appreciation of the cinema on the identification of the intellectual content with its external envelope, and we shall make a sharp distinction between personal styles and mannerisms of the day. We shall answer all attempts to confuse by applying unruffled analysis which, while completely impervious to notions of fashion,

will not exclude the wildest interpretations.

Bernayoun then goes on to quote from Andre Breton and Leon Trotsky in Independant Revolutionary Art (1938), supporting his belief in the non-delimited number of themes and subjects suitable for film:

> To those who try to persuade us that art should be subjected to a discipline which we consider to be radically incompatible with its means, our refusal will be categorical. It is our deliberate will to keep the formula: any licence in art ... In defending freedom of creation, we intend in no way to justify political indifference. It is far from our purpose to wish to resuscitate the concept of "pure" art, which usually serves the far from pure aims of reactionary ideas. ... It is more worthwhile to trust in the gift of prefiguration which is the prerogative of every authentic artist, which implies a beginning of a (virtual) solution to the most serious contradictions of the age and orientates the thinking of his contemporaries towards the urgent need to establish a new order.

Finally, a few notes by film maker Mike Myers from the present New Cinema Club programme:

> Our films say making films is easy. Our films are prepared to listen to what you have to say. Our films interview you. Our films aren't afraid to make fools of themselves at the audience's expense. Our films are untransmittable on T.V. Our films are unshowable in the straight cinema. Our films are already seven months old - too old... Our films are very remarkable. Our films are made with our own money. Our films are less interested in "film" as a medium, more interested in the audience as a message.

G. H.

The Shame(Sweden, 1969) I Bergman,M von Sydow.

Bergman's latest film, released in Britain this year. Widely acclaimed it continues Bergman's investigalion into the corrosive effect on a personality of external horrors. As he said in 'Films and Filming; 'For some time since the first moment of recognition I have wondered how I would have sustained the experience of a concentration camp,of being forced into such a damnable position. How noble would I have been?'

G.J.

House of Bamboo(U.S.A.1955) S Fuller,R Ryan.

Samuel Fuller is a director who has been given a great deal of critical acclaim started off by Cahiers du Cinema. As is usual, the acclaim has produced a reaction,especially as Fuller's films are by no means easy to approach and his useof or indifference to the exigencies of his Hollywood B-feature budgets and production codes make it easy to scoff at his more extreme admirers.

House of Bamboo is one of several films in which he deals with post-war Asia,in this case Japan.Fuller once again explores the relationships between men in danger,the danger of organised gangsterdom.

'I dont put women in my films if they are unnecessary.If you want to show a relationship of friendship or love it can just as well be between men'.

G.J.

Napoleon (France,1927/34)A. Gance.

Gance is one of the giants of the early cinema,whose filmmaking career stretched from 1916 to 1963.Napoleon is probably his most commonly seen film in Britain. It exists in both a silent and a sound version,but it is not clear at the moment,which is to be shown.

G.J.

Bande a Part (France 1964) J-L Godard; A. Karina, S. Frey.

Possibly Godard's most easily accessible film, Bande a Part tells the story of three students (Anna Karina, Sami Frey and Claude Brasseur) who try to steal some money from Karina's aunt. What starts off as farce turns into tragedy as Brasseur's criminal relatives take a hand. Bande a Part can be discussed satisfactorily in terms of plot and character development, but it contains within itself the beginnings of the escape from the tyranny of classical structure. Godard's methods of work in his later films involves a putting together of episodes, dialogues, monologues, to form a coherent structure which cannot be usefully considered in terms of the simple idea of a plot. The germ of this approach appears in Bande a Part when some of the most important sequences bear little or no relationship to the action.

In many ways this is Godard's sunniest film and one that seems to show a continual delight with the pleasure of making a film.

T.E.

Witchcraft Through the Ages (Sweden 1918 - 21) Benjemin Christensen.

Directed by one of the early masters of the cinema, this film is still a fascinating cinematic experience. Half documentary, half dramatic reconstruction of some of the wildest exessess of the human mind in history. It foreshadows the surrealists by bringing out the aesthetic aspects of cruelty and terror. Torture, obscenity, madness - a cool and distant distinction makes them the more appalling. What the present writer however, remembers with particular vividness is the extraordinary gusto with which the Devil (played, of course, by the director himself) exposes his bare behind to the scores of female worshippers.

O.K.

Cul-de-Sac (G.B. 1966) R. Polanski, Donald Pleasance, Francoise Dorleac, Lionel Stender.

Polanski at his comical and until Rosemary's Baby blackest best. Donald Pleasance magnificent as a repressed drop-out bourgeois whose possessive relationship with his beautiful wife (Francois Dorleac) is upset by the intrusion of one dead and one wounded gangster (Jack MacGowran, Lional Stender). Sub-Pinter dialogue, sub-Beckett boredom but more assuredly English in it dealing with favoutite Polanski themes than Repulsion. The personalized conflict of ideologies, sexual hang-ups, the complex of deciet, explosive violence and Polanski's misogyny come over neatly against a suberb natural background. Shot almost completely in natural light (by Gilbert Taylor) the mood is perhaps a little too superficial. Polanski has always excelled at capturing detail and contrast between his characters and their environment. No heavy-handed symbolism a la Repulsion as Pleasance goes insane but what analysis there is can be credited to the actors. Pleasance juggling eggs is a work of art and the all out assault on bourgeois society needs to be seen.

G.H.

Before the Revolution (Italy 1964) Bernardo Bertolucci

A key film in the contemporary revolution in the cinema and one of the major influences on young "new cinema" filmakers. Bertolucci's story of a middle-class youth in Parma whose rebellion ends in conformity mixes Marx, Frued, and Stendhal with sex, cinema and grand opera; the result is visually outrageous but suprisingly cohesive.

K.W.

Death Rides a Horse (Italy 1967) Guilo Petroni; Lee Van Cleef.

The three Westerns made by Leone in Italy with Clint Eastwood (A Fistful of Dollars, For a Few Dollars More, The Good, the Bad and the Ugly) have been outstanding commercial successes all over Europe. They and their progeny such as Death Rides a Horse are another confirmation of Europe's economic and ideological penetration by the U.S.A. Even the national myths seem to have been transplanted, though not without serious damage. These European Westerns are, as it were, the reflection of what is already a mirror-image in its original homeland. They reflect not only twenty years of indiscriminate and unassimilated Western mania among European audiences, but also the gradual disintegration of Europe's traditional admiration for America's heroic virtues. By their anti-hero conception, their totally gratuitous violence, their explicit mockery of any moral distinctions, these Westerns are synthetic replicas of the carricature which critical opinion has always drawn of the classical Western. By denying any moral development, and replacing all the cultural motifs by formal ballets of killings and massacres, they reflect the (temporary) decline of the traditional American Western itself, which in its great epochs relied on the assumption of a meaningful moral rapport between all members of a given society, and presupposed rules which even bound the outlaw.

The classical American Western ultimately always affirmed the shared belief and confidence of America in its democratic institutions, in its own cultural validity as a nation. But this belief seems at present to be seriously undermined, and the Italian Westerns mirror this disillusionment. Their interest, as with the James Bond films, is -if at all - purely sociological.

T.E.

Belle De Jour (France '67) L.Bunuel; C.Deneuve

Bunuel shows the impossibility of distinguishing fantasy from reality and suggests that both contribute to sexual fulfillment and to a therapeutic catharsis as the more destructive emotions - aggression in particular - are worked out.

The film concentrates on the professional French bourgeoisie whose emotional bankruptcy and ritualistic behaviour precludes any understanding and enlightenment through straightforward communication. Instead of a polemical denunciation, Bunuel's method is to begin with a nice, rather dull, bourgeois household and to gradually reveal the insoluble tensions and conflicts which, normally, remain hidden. This approach is the more powerful as Bunuel contrasts "normality" with "extreme depravity" while showing that both are present in the same personalities. Since, in the circumstances, resolution of these contradictions is not possible, Bunuel is often accused of nihilism. However, he shows that the characters, so far removed from the exigencies of the day-to-day struggle to earn a living wage, are quite unable to separate their "real" from their "fantasy" worlds. Neither a "happy" nor a conclusive ending is possible.

P.J.

Un Homme et Une Femme (France 1966) C.Lelouch; Anouk Aimee
J.L.Trintignant.

Anouk Aimee plays a widow who meets,through their children, a racing car driver (Jean Louis Trintignant). Lelouch's range is not wide, but here he conveys,through the development of the love affair,the constant conflict between art and reality,subjectivity and objectivity,romanticism and realism. The woman's approach to the new relationship is both emotional (and romantic) and yet realistic. Her very romanticism means that the memory of her former relationship with her dead husband intrudes into her new affair. Lelouch's camera styles directly augment this approach. He contrasts,convincingly, his lyrical,beautiful shots in colour - slow-moving tracks, long-shots,pans etc. - with a monochromatic documentary style - quick cuts,varied angles,fast cutting pace. The reality of the car rally is set against the romance of winning (winning the rally and the woman). It becomes evident that some fusion of the dual approaches to life and love must be found by the end of the film,and the immediate question becpmes - will Lelouch attempt and succeed in doing this?

P.J.

Theorem (Italy 1969) Pasolini; Terence Stamp.

The equation is simple. There is a family as perfect in form as one of Plato's proofs ... father, mother, son, daughter, maid. The family instituation, self-contained in its house, its home, is the private body politic in which individuals should - so we have been eduacated to believe - derive the security they need to free themselves from their mythological beings - free as individuals, whenever necessary, to transcend the confines of the family, to become good social people, fearlessly taking their place in the more harrowing politics of the institutions of the world. Their guest, a beautiful, quiet young man arrives, and, quiet passively, is used by each of them to sublimate their unconscious needs. He is the catalyst they use to confront in themselves that "self" which has been denied fulfilment by their family social situation. For a brief moment, each one is gathered into the artifice of eternity ... they experience fulfilment of their entire beings. The young man seduces them all, loves them all, and leaves ... slowly, and inevitably, the desert in each of them is now laid bare to their conscious minds. To escape this void, they know they must now transform themselves, as individuals, for they are no longer protected by the bourgeois myths they used to keep themselves going before the visitation of the young man.

P. W.

One Eyed Jacks (U.S.A. 1961) Brunolo; Brando.

In the only film he directed, Brando reaches the height of self celebration in his usual masochistic manner. Nonetheless when Brando as the director can manage to keep the camera off Brando the star he shows a keen eye for composition. In particular the the Chinese fishing village and seascapes are well observed.

P.H.

In the Heat of the Night (U.S.A. 1967) N. Jewison, R. Steiger, S. Poitier.

Well-intentioned drama of a black policeman getting involved in a murder in a bigoted Southern town. Even Rod Steiger cannot save his part which makes some very doubtful psychological twists. Poitier plays his usual role.

G.J.

The Miracle Worker (U.S.A. 1960) A. Penn.

On the face of it The Miracle Worker does not relate to Penn's other films (The Left Handed Gun, Mickey One, The Chase, Bonnie and Clyde). The protagonist of the film is much younger than the protagonist of the other films and she has specific physical disabilities which are the root causes of her troubles (the film is, of course, an account of the early life of Hellen Keller). However, if the film is examined carefully it is possible to relate it to the rest of Penn's films.

The situation is that Penn is preoccupied with in The Miracle Worker is the process of socializinga child. Because of her physical disabilities, Helen is completely unsocialized. She lacks one of the essential requirements for socialization, language. Starting at this point the film describes how Helen becomes socialized through the guidance of her tutor Annie Sullivan. In essence Annie takes on the role of the father, providing the discipline and guidance that are necessary if Helen is to be socialized. In the film Helen's real father is incapable of doing this since he is presented as finding Helen an irritation he would prefer to ignore. Accepting the role of the father, Annie finds her real antagonist is Helen's mother whose all-embracing love for her child stifles Helen and prevents her from developing.

A.L.

La Jetee (France 1963) Chris Marker.

The story is told in a series of stills (Marker calls it a "photo roman") and, surprizingly, this is not very noticeable. Apparently, our memories are still pictures which crystalize a whole incident. Marker's film plays with the idea of time and memory in a science fiction story which centers around a crucial incident in a young boy's life, an incident which he does not understand. He can only recognize its importance. The end of the story provides an answer to this mystery. But the answer is a paradox.

J.K.

Stolen Kisses (France 1969) Truffaut.

Stolen Kisses is Truffaut's continuation of the story of Antoine Doinel, the hero of 400 Blows. In the ten year gap between the two films Truffaut's attitude to Antaoine has considerably mellowed. No longer are we asked to care for Antoine instead we observe his goings-on with great amusement. A gay detachment suffuses the film through. At moments this is undercut by the shots of the ubiquitous "le type".

P.W.

FILM DIARY

Weds. Oct 1st.	
La Femme Infidèle (France '69)C. Chabrol	B.F.T.
Witchcraft Through The Ages (Denmark '22)B.Christensen	Continentale
Twisted Nerve (G.B . '68)R. Boulting	Duke of Yorks
Billy Liar (GB '63)J. Schlesinger	B.F.T. 2.30pm
Thurs. Oct. 2nd.	
Judex (France '63)G.Franju	Univ. A2 4+7pm FREE!
In The Heat Of The Night (USA '67)N.Jewison	Curzon
Un Homme Et Une Femme (France '67)C.Lelouch	Curzon
La Femme Infidèle	B.F.T.
Witchcraft Through The Ages	Continentale
Twisted Nerve	Duke of Yorks
Billy Liar	B.F.T. 2.30pm.
Frid. Oct. 3rd.	
La Femme Infidèle	B.F.T
Witchcraft Through The Ages	Continentale
In The Heat of The Night	Curzon
Un Homme Et Une Femme	Curzon
Billy Liar	B.F.T. 2.30pm.
Sat. Oct. 4th.	
La Femme Infidèle	B.F.T.
Witchcraft Through The Ages	Continentale
Twisted Nerve	Duke of Yorks
In The Heat Of The Night	Curzon
Un Homme Et Une Femme	Curzon
Sun. Oct. 5th.	
Night Of The Generals (GB '66)A.Litvak	Embassy
Fires Over England (GB '37)W.K.Howard	B.F.T.
Eye Of The Devil (USA '67)J.Lee Thompson	Duke of Yorks
The Heroin Gang	Duke of Yorks
In The Heat Of The Night	Curzon
Un Homme Et Une Femme	Curzon
Her Private Hell	Continentale
The Cruel Need	Continentale
Mon. Oct. 6th.	
Stolen Kisses (France '68)F.Truffaut	B.F.T.
In The Heat Of The Night	Curzon
Un Homme Et Une Femme	Curzon
Night Of The Generals	Embassy
Her Private Hell	Continentale
The Cruel Need	Continentale
Tues Oct. 7th.	
Stolen Kisses	B.F.T.
Night Of The Generals	Embassy
Her Private Hell	Continentale
The	

Tues. Oct. 7th.	
Stolen Kisses	B.F.T.
Night Of The Generals	Embassy
Her Private Hell	Continentale
The Cruel Need	Continentale
Un Homme Et Une Femme	Curzon
In The Heat Of The Night	Curzon
Weds. Oct. 8th.	
Jules Et Jim (France '61) F. Truffaut	Suss. FSoc. 4+7pm
Girl On A Motorcycle (GB '67) J. Cardiff	Duke of Yorks
Revenge Of Frankenstein (GB '58) T. Fisher	Duke of Yorks
Stolen Kisses	B.F.T.
Night Of The Generals	Embassy
Her Private Hell	Continentale
The Cruel Need	Continentale
In The Heat Of The Night	Curzon
Un Homme Et Une Femme	Curzon
Thurs. Oct. 9th.	
Le Joli Mai (France '62) C. Marker	Suss. Film Soc.
La Jetée (France '63) C. Marker	6 pm.
The Long Ride Home (USA '67) P. Carlson	Embassy
The Happening (USA '67) E. Silverstein	Embassy
The Sand Pebbles (USA '66) R. Wise	Curzon
Stolen Kisses	B.F.T.
Girl On A Motorcycle	Duke of Yorks
Revenge Of Frankenstein	Duke of Yorks
Her Private Hell	Continentale
The Cruel Need	Continentale
Frid. Oct. 10th.	
Stolen Kisses	B.F.T.
The Long Ride Home	Embassy
The Happening	Embassy
The Sand Pebbles	Curzon
Her Private Hell	Continentale
The Cruel Need	Continentale
Sat. Oct. 11th.	
Stolen Kisses	B.F.T.
The Long Ride Home	Embassy
The Happening	Embassy
The Sand Pebbles	Curzon
Girl On A Motorcycle	Duke of Yorks
Revenge Of Frankenstein	Duke of Yorks
Her Private Hell	Continentale
The Cruel Need	Continentale

Sun. Oct. 12th.	
Lady In Cement (USA '68)G.Douglas	Duke of Yorks
The Secret Life Of An American Wife (USA '68) G. Axelrod	Duke of Yorks
Two For The Road (USA '66)S.Donen	Embassy
Rupture (France '61)P.Etaix	Embassy
Napoleon (France '27/'34)A.Gance	B.F.T.
The Shame (Sweden '68)I.Bergman	Continentale
Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush (GB '67)C.Donner	Continentale
The Sand Pebbles	Curzon
Mon. Oct. 13th.	
Transeurope Express (France '68)A.Robbe-Grillet	B.F.T.
The War Game (GB'64) P.Watkins	UnivA2 7pm.
The Shame	Continentale
Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush	Continentale
Two For The Road	Embassy
Rupture	Embassy
Lady In Cement	Duke of Yorks
The Secret Life Of An American Wife	Duke of Yorks
The Sand Pebbles	Curzon
Tues. Oct. 14th.	
Pandora's Box (Germany '28)G.W.Pabst;L.Brooks	UnivA2 3.15pm.
Trans-Europe Express	B.F.T.
The Shame	Continentale
Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush	Continentale
Two For The Road	Embassy
Rupture	Embassy
The Sand Pebbles	Curzon
Weds. Oct. 15th.	
Les 400 Coups (France '59)F.Truffaut	SussFSoc.4+7pm.
Trans-Europ Express	B.F.T.
The Shame	Continentale
Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush	Continentale
Two For The Road	Embassy
Rupture	Embassy
Lady In Cement	Duke of Yorks
The Secret Life Of An American Wife	Duke of Yorks
The Sand Pebbles	Curzon
Thurs. Oct. 16th.	
House Of Bamboo (USA '55)S.Fuller	SussFSoc.6pm.
Beach Red (USA '68)C. Wilde	Embassy
Belle De Jour (France '67)L.Bunuel	Curzon
Trans-Europ Express	B.F.T.
The Shame	Continentale
Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush	Continentale
Lady In Cement	Duke of Yorks
The Secret Life Of An American Wife	Duke of Yorks

Frid. Oct. 17th.	
Vivere In Pace (Italy '46)L.Zampa	UnivA2 2.15pm
Trans-Europ Express	B.F.T.
The Shame	Continentale
Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush	Continentale
Beach Red	Embassy
Belle De Jour	Curzon
Sat. Oct. 18th.	
Theorem (Italy '68)P.Pasolini	B.F.T. 11pm.
Trans-Europ Express	B.F.T.
The Shame	Continentale
Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush	Continentale
Beach Red	Embassy
Belle De Jour	Curzon
Lady In Cement	Duke of Yorks
The Secret Life Of An American Wife	Duke of Yorks
Sun. Oct. 19th.	
The Silencers (USA '67)P.Carlson	Embassy
Play Dirty (GB '69)A.DeToth	Duke of Yorks
Death Rides A Horse (Italy '67)G.Petroni	Duke of Yorks
The Comedy Man (GB '63)A. Rakoff	B.F.T.
The Fly (GB '53)K.Neumann	Continentale
Return Of The Fly	Continentale
Belle De Jour	Curzon
Mon. Oct. 20th.	
Theorem	B.F.T.
The Silencers	Embassy
Play Dirty	Duke of Yorks
Death Rides A Horse	Duke of Yorks
The Fly	Continentale
Return Of The Fly	Continentale
Belle De Jour	Curzon
Tues. Oct. 21st.	
Theorem	B.F.T.
The Silencers	Embassy
The Fly	Continentale
Return Of The Fly	Continentale
Belle De Jour	Curzon
Weds. Oct. 22nd.	
Bande A Part (France '64)J-L.Godard	SussFSoc.4+7pm.
The Wrecking Crew (USA '69)D.Mann	Duke of Yorks
The Big Gundown	Duke of Yorks
The Fly	Continentale
Return Of The Fly	Continentale
The Silencers	Embassy
Theorem	B.F.T.
Belle De Jour	Curzon

Thurs. Oct. 23rd.	
Before The Revolution (Italy '64) B.Bertolucci	SussF.Soc.6pm.
Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines (GB'65) K.Annakin	Curzon
Women Of The Prehistoric Planet	Continentale
Monsters Of The Night	Continentale
Murderers Row	Embassy
The Wrecking Crew	Duke of Yorks
The Big Gundown	Duke of Yorks
Theorem	B.F.T.
Frid. Oct. 24th.	
Women Of The Prehistoric Planet	Continentale
Monsters Of The Night	Continentale
Murderers Row	Embassy Yorks
Those Magnificent Men	Curzon
Sat. Oct. 25th.	
Everything For Sale (Poland '68) A.Wajda	B.F.T.11pm.
Women Of The Prehistoric Planet	Continentale
Monsters Of The Night	Continentale
Murderers Row	Embassy
The Wrecking Crew	Duke of Yorks
The Big Gundown	Duke of Yorks
Theorem	B.F.T.
Those Magnificent Men	Curzon
Sun. Oct. 26th.	
All Neat In Black Stockings (GB '69) C.Morahan	Duke of Yorks
A Bullet For The General	Duke of Yorks
Villa Rides (USA '68) B.Kulik	Embassy
The Slender Thread (USA '67)	Embassy
The Seven Samurai (Japan '54) A.Kurosawa	B.F.T.
Wonderwall (Canada '68) J.Massot	Continentale
A Study In Terror (GB '62) T.Fisher	Continentale
Those Magnificent Men	Curzon
Mon. Oct. 27th.	
Everything For Sale	B.F.T.
Villa Rides	Embassy
The Slender Thread	Embassy
Wonderwall	Continentale
A Study In Terror	Continentale
All Neat In Black Stockings	Duke of Yorks
A Bullet For The General	Duke of Yorks
Those Magnificent Men	Curzon
Tues. Oct. 28th.	
The Threepenny Opera (Germany '31) G.W.Pabst	UnivA2 3.15pm.
Everything For Sale	B.F.T.
Villa Rides	Embassy
The Slender Thread	Embassy
Wonderwall	Continentale
A Study In Terror	Continentale
Those Magnificent Men	Curzon

Weds. Oct. 29th.	
One Eyed Jacks (USA '61)M.Brando	SussF.Soc.4+7pm.
The Stalking Moon (USA '69)R .Mulligan	Duke of Yorks
Blood Of Fu Manchu	Duke of Yorks
Everything For Sale	B.F.T.
Villa Rides	Embassy
The Slender Thread	Embassy
Wonderwall	Continentale
A Study In Terror	Continentale
Those Magnificent Men	Curzon
Thurs. Oct. 30th.	
Cul De Sac (GB '66)R. Polanski	Embassy
The Miracle Workers(USA '60)A.Penn	SussF.Soc6pm.
I Am Curious, Yellow (Sweden '68)V.Sjoman	Curzon
The Stalking Moon	Duke of Yorks
Blood Of Fu Manchu	Duke of Yorks
Everything For Sale	B.F.T.
Frid. Oct. 31st.	
Le Amiche (Italy '55)M.Antonioni	UnivA2 2.15pm.
Cul De Sac	Embassy
Everything For Sale	B.F.T.
I Am Curious, Yellow	Curzon

RATING OF FILMS.

Reviewed	P.J.	G.J	P.H.	J.K.
El Dorado	xxx	xxx	xxx	
Alfred the Great	xx	xx		
Previewed				
Trans Europe Express				xx
House of Bamboo			xxx	
Bande à Part	xxx	xxxx	xxx	xxx
One Eyed Jacks	xxx	xx	xx	
The Miracle Worker			xxxx	xx
Cul de Cac	xxx	xxx	xx	xxx
Un Homme et Une Femme	xxx	xx	x	x
Belle de Jour	xxx	xxx	xxxx	xx
La Jetee			xxx	xxx
Stolen Kisses			xxx	

xxxx excellent

xxx very good

xx good

x interesting

o uninteresting/bad